But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he looke vpon the tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughterhouſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe,
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.

Cat. Diſpatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Readie with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come Coſen, canſt thou quake and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Mai.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walls.

Buck.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs. *Enter Cate*

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Haſt. he*

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnſuſpected Haſtings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Chriſtian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my ſoule recorded,
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
So ſmoothe he daubd his vice with ſhew of vertue,
That (his apparant open guilt omitted:)
I meane his conuerſation with Shores wife,)
He laid from all attainder of ſuſpect. (traitor

Buck. Well well, he was the couertſt ſheltred
That euer liu'd, wold you haue imagined,
Or almoſt beleeue, wert not by great preſeruatiõ
We liue to tell it you? The ſubtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell houſe,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloceſter.

Maior. What, had he ſo?

Glo. What thinke you we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would againſt the forme of lawe,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſons ſafety
Inforſt vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befal you, he deſerued his death,
And you my good Lo: both, haue well proceeded:
To warne falſe traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe Shore.

Duk. Yet had not we determined he ſhould die,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his death,
Which now the longing haſte of theſe our friends
Somewhat againſt our meaning haue preuented,